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LORD SAVE US.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

By thy cross and passion; by the precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, Good Lord deliver us.—*Litany.*

By thy sore sufferings save us,
Save us when comfort'd to thee,
By thy sorrows relieve us,
By thy patient agony;

When beneath thy frown we languish,
Save us from the wrath of thine anger;
Save us by thy unknown anguish,
Save us by thy bloody sweat;

By thy highest point of passion,
By thy sufferings on the tree,
Save us from the indignation,
Due to all mankind and me;

Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gaspings out thy latest breath,
By thy precious death's applying,
Save us from eternal death;

From the world of care release us,
By thy dear burial save us,
Crucified with thee, O Jesus,
Hide us in thy quiet grave;

By thy power divine glorious,
By thy resurrection's power,
Raise us up o'er sin victorious,
Raise us up to sin no more.

By the pomp of thine ascending,
Live we here to heaven rest'd,
Live in pleasures never ending,
Share the portion of our Lord;

Let us have our conversation
With the blessed spirits above,
Save us with all thy great salvation,
Perfectly renewed in love.

Glorious Head, triumphant Savior,
High exalted above all height,
We have now through thee found favor,
Righteous is thy Father's sight!

Hearts are not thy prayer unceasing,
Can he turn away thy face?
Shed us down the purchased blessing,
Fulness of the Gospel grace.

By the coming of thy Spirit,
As a mighty rushing wind,
Save us into all thy merit,
Let us all thy sinners find;

Let the great power be given;
Let thy will be as we see,
Done on earth as 'tis in heaven,
Lord, thy spirit cries, Amen!

MISSION TO CHINA.

A mission to China is an enterprise, which, of late, I have contemplated with much interest. When I consider the moral condition of that vast empire, the millions, ay, more, the hundreds of millions that are perishing for the lack of knowledge, the means of access to them, and the ability of the M. E. Church, my feelings are indescribable; but I confess I inspire the heart of every Methodist with the same, I am sure, that before the expiration of another year, you would see a ship speeding her way to China's far off clime, laden in part with warm hearted missionaries, having well disciplined minds, prepared to meet courageously and successfully all the obstacles that lie in the way of such an enterprise. I have some times thought it will be so; for who can grasp his gold, when such a door is open to glory and God, and save immortal souls?

I confess my disappointment, since the New England Conferences have closed their sessions, that no more was said relative to this subject. It is because these multitudes are so remote, that we feel so little interest? It appears that our interest in the welfare of others, is similar to forces in nature; it decreases as the square of distances increases. But this is nature, not grace. The Son of God did not restrict his benevolent operations to heaven; but, seeing afar off the wretched condition of man, he passed over that vast distance, to which no extent on earth is analogous.

Now if we have a spark of this love of Christ, is not the condition of these hundreds and fifty millions, enough to raise it to a flame? If our efforts are filled with gold, will it not come forth? If some of us have spent years of close and severe study, as a preparation for usefulness, to what more sublime object can our attainments be consecrated, than in spreading the Gospel in China? Whose heart does not leap in view of the glory and sublimity of the enterprise? But I will not attempt to inspire individuals with an idolatry or desire to go as missionaries to the distant East, for it would be to tantalize those, in whose soul burns the missionary fire. Many are eager and panting to leave all, and to go as heralds of Christ crucified, to that distant realm, which certainly may be, should we be doing justice to other fields, by devoting a fifth part of the funds to a third part of the human race?

If each of the New England Conferences would send one, we should have five; and if New England would do this, we have no reason to doubt that our brethren South and West would do as well, and we should have a glorious little army, that would pull down the strong holds of Satan, and plant the blood-dyed banner of Prince Emanuel on that soil, where superstition has had her seat from time immemorial. I may be regarded too sanguine; and perhaps those who looked at this subject more calmly and deliberately, will tell us why this cannot be done. But if it can be done by faith in God, and by proper efforts, let it be done. May the missionary fire kindle in the heart of every lover of Jesus. O that there might be immediate and simultaneous action in the church on this subject; then the reflex influence of the missionary spirit would be felt among us, and instead of gloom and death pervading our Zion, God would sweep away the cloud and smile upon us, and we should truly feel that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

in extending the kingdom of peace and good will to man, and in crowning him king, under whose universal rule the "nations shall learn war no more." Those who are ready to go, will receive the smiles of Jehovah, and have the consciousness that they have done all they can; but how fearful the responsibility resting upon those who can do, but refuse to do! If we would supply them with the crumbs that fall from our richly furnished tables, they would bless us to all eternity. We are abundantly supplied with the rich provisions of the Gospel; and even if our privileges were retrenched one half, and a part given to the heathen, we should act far more in accordance with justice, than we now do. We support ministers at our very homes, and if there is no other means, we had better go farther to worship publicly, and save the residue to support missionaries to those who have never heard the sound of the "church going bell."

"Freely ye have received, freely give," and make that land where nature smiles, but over which moral night broods, resplendent with the light of revelation, and vocal with the praise of Immanuel's name. There are special reasons why we should occupy this field. A door is now open, and in the course of events, it may be closed. Others are rushing in, and if the doctrines of Methodism are orthodox, let China feel their power. Why should we permit the Papists with unnumbered and corrupting, to anticipate us?—Let us, as a church, pour in upon them the pure stream of life. Let us preach to them the Gospel of Christ in its purity and power, and not only extricate that vast empire from superstition, but snatch them from the devouring lion, the "man of sin;" for when he shall have once gained possession, we shall find more difficulty to rout him, than to conquer the heathen world besides. But how can missionaries be supported, some may inquire. Some may object that other fields will be neglected, if a mission is established in China. If, as a church, we do all we are capable of doing, this objection might appear more reasonable. But as it now is, it is an apology for covetousness; it is saying, "You are doing all you are able, and we will not burden you more." Again, why should all our efforts be directed to other far less important fields, while one third of the race, speaking the same language, are ready to receive the Gospel? It should not be so; it will not be so. Thanks be to God there is a movement; there are some efforts. But whence the necessity of such delay, and so much caution? Something has been said about sending two or three to try an "experiment." If we have never ascertained that the "Gospel is the power of God unto salvation," heaven help them to believe it; and when we have found a people on this wide earth for whom the glorious truth, "Salvation by faith in Jesus Christ," is not adapted, we will resort to "experiment." I repeat the question, Whence the necessity of so much delay, and such feeble efforts? Do we doubt that Christianity is adapted to that singular people? or do we distrust the wisdom of our policy as Methodists? Let us then speed the cause, and send, as on the pinions of lightning, the news of a risen and interceding Jesus. There is need of delay? What denomi-

testimony to the excellency of the production, as well as to the importance of the doctrine it advocates. When I took up this work I had no idea I should ever believe in a doctrine which I had so long regarded as absurd. For I must confess to my shame, that although I have long devoted my mind to the study of theology, I have as long regarded the Methodist doctrine of perfection as too absurd to deserve a serious examination; thus violating the wise precept of Bacon, which requires us in our inquiries after truth "to admire nothing, and to despise nothing."

So strong was the prejudice under which I labored, that on the first perusal of the work of Dr. Peck I was not, in the slightest degree, convinced. I could easily see that the doctrine for which he contended was greatly misrepresented by its opponents; but I could not see precisely what it was; it seemed to be enveloped in a mist. The book seemed to be able and ingenious; and I felt inclined to rank it with Wiseman's defence of transubstantiation, or Edwards' great argument in favor of necessity. I determined, therefore, to see into the fallacy of its arguments, or else to obtain insight into their validity. I made but little question, however, that I should find them unsound and untenable. In the prosecution of this design I became staggered in my opposition to the doctrine of perfection as held by the Methodists; I revolved it in my mind; I meditated upon it; and now I feel it to be a duty to say, that I regard this doctrine not only as true, but also as a truth of great practical importance.

On some future occasion I expect to show, that I have not sacrificed a long-cherished prejudice, without having been compelled to do so by the authority of revelation, wisely and rationally interpreted. No one, it seems to me, can lay aside his prejudices, and read the work of Dr. Peck as it deserves to be read, without being convinced of the truth of the doctrine for which he contends. It evinces a profound insight into religious truth; and it is well adapted, both by the spirit which it breathes, and by the logical ability it displays, to remove prejudice and to promote the cause of truth. Yours respectfully, AN EPISCOPALIAN.

For the Herald and Journal.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

Br. Stevens,—Will you be so good as to permit me, through the Herald, to stir up the pure minds of our brethren in Maine, upon (to me) the very interesting subject of camp-meetings? I am aware, sir, that there are many formidable objections brought against camp-meetings, from various sources; mostly, to be sure, from the enemies of our holy religion; but not unfrequently do we hear objections from pious, devoted, well-meaning Christians, and even Methodists. I think these objections arise, generally, from those least acquainted with camp-meetings, with their usefulness and advantages. To say there are no disadvantages connected with them, would be as far from truth as to say there were no advantages connected therewith. Now the question is, "Is there more evil than good arising from camp-meetings? If there is, let us abandon them forever? But, sir, I have this fact yet to learn. There may have been, in some instances, camp-meetings injudiciously located, and badly managed, and there may have been some unavoidable circumstances connected with the same, which might to human observation render these meetings a curse, rather than a blessing. But I ask, sir, has this been the case generally? I answer, No. I speak advisedly when I answer thus, having had perhaps as extensive an acquaintance personally, with this institution, for twenty-one years, as any other man in the State. I have endeavored to make critical observations, and to weigh the subject well, on both sides, and to judge righteously. Why, sir, the benefits, both to the ministry and membership, are incalculable. For instance, just call over the list of the members of our Annual Conferences, and inquire, who of that number, were at camp-meetings either awakened, converted, reclaimed, quickened, or sanctified, and even called to the ministry. Methinks you would have a company that would compare, in point of piety, energy, power, and usefulness, to any others, whatever may have been their disadvantages, who have not had the advantages of camp-meetings. God forbid that I should underrate the ordinary means of grace, in connection with the various institutions of the gospel. May the good Lord prosper and bless them all. But still, there are some peculiar advantages connected with camp-meetings, that are no where else to be found; not only for the ministry, but also to the membership, and especially for a certain class of careless sinners, who do not usually come under the influence of the ordinary means of grace, but are induced to attend a camp-meeting, not unfrequently out of mere curiosity, but return to pray and praise. Hence, this one grand object to camp-meeting, which is so gravely made by many, even by professed heralds of the cross, ("that the rabble, and the wicked in great numbers, collect together on such occasions"), is, in my opinion, one strong argument, in favor of them. What if some of them do not repent? Others (of whom I am one) do; and I am not alone in this, thanks be unto God. Multitudes of this class have been gathered up, who, in all probability, had not been for camp-meetings, instead of now walking in wisdom's ways, and some of them standing on the walls of Zion, while others, no doubt, are rejoicing in heaven, might have been damned in hell, or in the broad road thither. Why, sir, some of our most talented and useful men among us have been subjects of camp-meeting influence. I was forcibly struck with this fact, during the session of our Conference, while listening to the eloquent and melting strains of our beloved brother Dempster, in the cause of education and humanity, while he, together with yourself and others, plead so earnestly, though not as successfully as could have been wished by at least some of that body. If I have been rightly informed, Dr. Dempster was the only individual converted at a certain camp-meeting, a number of years since. So you see God can raise one single camp-meeting convert to eminence and usefulness in the church and in the world. Had it not been for camp-meetings, we probably should not have had his useful labors. Again, our beloved C. W. Morse, although he took somewhat a different view of the subject under discussion, yet he plainly showed he had a giant intellect, although caught in a feeble body. He too, if I mistake not, was so far the subject of camp-meeting influence that in all probability, had it not been for that, he would not now have been a member of the M. E. Church, or on the walls of Zion with us. But why do I speak of individuals? Very many of our great, as well as good men have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and into the church, through these means.

Well sir, I wish to say that a camp-meeting is in contemplation, on Readfield District, Me., the present session, if suitable encouragement is given by the people, to induce the Presiding Elder of the District to appoint the same. In testimony to the excellency of the production, as well as to the importance of the doctrine it advocates. When I took up this work I had no idea I should ever believe in a doctrine which I had so long regarded as absurd. For I must confess to my shame, that although I have long devoted my mind to the study of theology, I have as long regarded the Methodist doctrine of perfection as too absurd to deserve a serious examination; thus violating the wise precept of Bacon, which requires us in our inquiries after truth "to admire nothing, and to despise nothing."

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For the Herald and Journal.

Br. Stevens,—Will you copy from the Christian Advocate and Journal of the 8th inst., an article headed "Dr. Peck on Christian Perfection," by an Episcopalian. It will be read with interest by all who rejoice in the progress of SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS.

Allow me also, to add my feeble testimony to many others of more influence in recommending to the readers of the Herald, the Abridgment of Dr. Peck's book on Christian Perfection, as one of the very best works published at our Book room, on that vitally important subject. It is all solid gold, from the commencement to its close. Let every one who desires to know precisely what the Methodist Church believe in reference to spiritual attainments in this life, and every one who desires to be instructed in "the way of God more perfectly," procure Dr. Peck's Lectures, and read them through and through, with earnest prayer to God, for the mind which was in Christ Jesus. They may be obtained of Waite, Peirce & Co., No. 1, Cornhill, Boston, or through any of our Ministers.

Price \$1.00 for the original work, 50 cts for the abridgment. M. DWIGHT.

Chelsea, Mass., July 15, 1846.

DR. PECK ON CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

Messrs. Editors: I have been reading, of late, the work of Dr. Peck on Christian Perfection; and I feel constrained by a sense of duty to bear

Quarterly Conference for Livermore Circuit and Little Androscoggin Mission, Br. W. H. Foster and myself were appointed a committee to find a suitable place to hold a camp-meeting. Not having an opportunity to consult with Br. Foster, I take the opportunity to report as follows:

That we have found a good and convenient grove on Mr. Harvey Sylvester's land, in Leeds, near North Turner bridge, East side of the Androscoggin river; good water near; horse keeping, &c., can be obtained on reasonable terms.—It is expected that the societies around will assist in preparing and seating the ground, and building the preacher's tent, &c. I have ever found that a spirit of speculation and money catching, at camp meetings, has been very injurious to our cause, and therefore the least of this kind of business among us, and especially in the country, the better. Let every tent's company provide for themselves and such friends as they may invite, and let others provide for themselves elsewhere, and let it be known to all, that this is not a place for feasting, but a place for prayer.

It is not to be expected that a camp-meeting can be successfully attended without sacrifice, but let our brethren and friends make this sacrifice, not only for their own good, but for the good of others, and God will bless them in their efforts to do good. Above all, let us go beseeching God, and expecting will give us victory, in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Yours respectfully, JOHN ALLEN, Domestic Missionary, Little Androscoggin Mission, July 10.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It patters and pines;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter runs.

The rain! the welcome rain!
The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted boards;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulf them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
A farmer's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plow;
To the dry grass and drier grain,
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land,
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the wet water and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lusty eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer reaps
His pasture and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless falling drops
Of the heavenly furnishing;
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The poet says!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering every where
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told—
Have not been wholly sung or said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountains of
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seen,
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

A SCENE IN BROADWAY.

Passing down to our office yesterday morning, nearly opposite Niblo's, our attention was attracted by the egress from the front door of a neat but plain two story house, of an old gentleman, bent and decrepit, borne up on either side by a man whose vocation it probably was to perform this service. Age, decrepitude and care were strongly depicted in every lineament of his face. His assistants seemed charged with the duty of keeping alive the flame which appeared flickering for the last time; and we thought, as we looked at them, that each was fearful lest breath of air might, as they journeyed their venerable charge slowly along, extinguish the faint light which so delicately lingered in the socket. The old man thus supported, was John Jacob Astor, whose whole life, eventful and enterprising, has been devoted to the accumulation of wealth.

For the Herald and Journal.

TRUST IN GOD.

Trust in God, ye trembling ones,
Trust his word, his power, his grace,
Trust his goodness and his truth,
Ye shall see Him face to face.

Trust him in the darkest hour,
Mid the storm and tempest's rage,
When the black clouds maddly lower,
And the winds their battle wage.

Trust him; he is mid the storm,
Guiding by his sovereign will;
And his voice shall soon proclaim
To the surges, "Peace, be still!"

Trust him in temptation's hour,
Though the dart be fierce and keen;
He will give the strength to bear,
Knows he what temptations mean.

Trust him when of care thy night
Thou hast borne with earnest prayer
Come—thy wants are not forgot.

Trust him when the steel hath pierced,
Sorrow's steel heart hath riven,
Trust him all thy wounds to heal,
He's the great Physician given.

Trust him when the night of death
Gather's round thy mortal sight;
Trust him till thy latest breath;
Thou shalt conquer through his might.

Trust in him is ever sure
Ask and all thou need'st is given,
Grace through faith, shall all embrace
Holiness, and peace, and HEAVEN.

THE TOUCHING REPROOF.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Here, Jane," said a father to his little girl, not over eleven years of age, "go over to the shop and buy me a pint of brandy."

At the same time he handed her a quarter of a dollar. The little girl took the money and the bottle, and as she did so, looked her father in the face, with an earnest, sad expression. But he did not seem to observe it, although he perceived it, and felt it; for he understood its meaning. The little girl lingered, as if reluctant, for some reason, to go on her errand.

"Did you hear what I said?" the father asked angrily, and with a frowning brow, as he observed this.

Jane glided from the room, and went over to the shop, hiding as she passed through the street, the bottle under her apron. There she obtained the liquor and returned with it in a few minutes. As she reached the bottle to her father, she looked at him again with the same sad, earnest look, which he observed—irritated and angered him.

"What do you mean by looking at me in that way? Ha?" he said, in a loud, angry tone.

Jane shrunk away, and passed into the next room, where her mother lay sick. She had been sick for some time, and as they were poor, and husband given to drink, she had sorrow and privation added to her bodily sufferings. As her little girl came in, she went up to the side of her bed, and bending over it, leaned her head upon her hand. She did not make any remark, nor did her mother speak to her, until she observed the tears trickling through her fingers.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she then asked tenderly.

The little girl raised her head, endeavoring to dry up her tears as she did so.

"I feel so bad, mother," she replied.

"And why do you feel bad, my child?"

"O, I always feel so bad when father sends me over to the shop for brandy. And I had to go just now. I wanted to ask him to buy you some nice grapes and oranges with the quarter of a dollar—they would taste so good to you—but he seemed to know what I was going to say, and looked at me so cross that I was afraid to speak to him. I wish he would not drink any more brandy. It makes him so cross; and then how many nice things he might buy for you with the money it takes for liquor."

The poor mother had no comfort to offer her little girl, older in thought than in years! for no comfort did she herself feel in view of the circumstances that troubled her child. She only said—laying her hand upon her head:

"Try and not think about it, my dear, it only troubles you, and your troubles cannot make it any better."

But Jane could not help thinking about it, try hard as she would. She went to a Sabbath school, in which a Temperance Society had been formed, and every Sabbath she heard the subject of intemperance discussed, and its dreadful consequences detailed. But more than all this, she had the daily experience of a drunkard's child. In this experience, how much of heart-touching experience was involved! How much of privation—how much of the anguish of a bruised spirit. Who can know the weight that lies, like a heavy burden, upon the heart of the drunkard's child? None but that child—for language is powerless to convey it.

On the next morning the father of little Jane went away to his work, and she was left alone with her mother, who was still sick. They were very poor, and could not afford to employ any one to do the house work, and so, young as she was, while her mother was sick, little Jane had every thing to do; the cooking and cleaning; and even the washing and ironing—a hard task indeed for her little hands. But she never murmured—never seemed to think she was over-burdened. How cheerfully would all have been done if her father's smiles had only fallen like sunshine upon her heart! But that face, into which her eyes looked so often and so anxiously, was ever hid in clouds—clouds arising from the consciousness that he was abusing his family while seeking his own base gratification, and from perceiving the evidences of his evil works stamped on all things around him.

As Jane passed frequently through her mother's room during the morning, pausing almost every time to ask if she wanted any thing, she saw too plainly that she was not as well as on the day before—that she had a high fever, indicated by her hot skin, and constant request for cool water.

"I wish I had an orange," the poor woman said, as Jane came up to her bed for the twentieth time. "It would taste so good to me."

She had been thinking about an orange all the morning; and notwithstanding all her efforts to drive the thought from her mind, the form of an orange would ever picture itself before her, and its grateful flavor seem to thrill upon her taste.

At last she uttered her wish—not so much with the hope of having it gratified, as from an involuntary impulse to speak out her desires.

There was not a single cent in the house, for the father rarely trusted his wife with money—

he could not confide in her judicious expenditure of it!

"Let me go and buy you an orange, mother," Jane said; "they have oranges at the shop."

"I have no change, my dear, and if I had, I should not think it right to spend four or five cents for an orange, when we have so little.—Get me a cool drink of water, that will do now."

Jane brought the poor sufferer a glass of cool water, and she drank it off eagerly. Then she lay back upon her pillow with a sigh, and her little girl went out to attend to the household duties that devolved upon her. But all the while Jane thought of the orange, and how she could get it for her mother.

When her father came home to his dinner, he looked crosser than he did in the morning.

He sat down to the table and ate dinner in moody silence, and then rose up to depart, without so much as asking after his sick wife, or going into her chamber. As he moved toward the door, his hat already on his head, Jane went up to him, and looking timidly in his face, said with a hesitating voice:

"Mother wants an orange so bad. Won't you give some money to buy her one?"

"No, I will not! Your mother had better be thinking about something else, than wasting money for oranges!" was the angry reply, as the father passed out and shut the door after him.

Jane stood for a moment, frightened at the angry vehemence of her father, and then burst into tears. She said nothing to her mother of what had passed, but after the agitation had somewhat subsided, began to cast about in her thoughts for some plan by which she might obtain an orange. At last it occurred to her, that at the shop where she bought liquor for her father, they bought rags and old iron.

"How much do you give a pound for rags?" she asked in a minute or two after the idea had occurred to her, standing at the counter of the shop.

"Three cents a pound," was the reply.

"How much for old iron?"

"A cent a pound."

"What is the price of them oranges?"

"Four cents apiece."

With this information Jane hurried back. After she had cleared away the dining table, she went into the cellar and looked up all the old bits of iron that she could find. Then she searched the yard, and found some eight or ten rusty nails, an old bolt, and a broken hinge. Those she laid away in a little nook in the cellar. Afterwards she gathered together all the old rags she could find about the house, and in the cellar, and laid them with her old iron. But she saw plainly enough that her iron would not weigh two pounds, nor her rags over a quarter of a pound. If time would have permitted, she would have gone into the street to look for old iron, but this she could not do; and disappointed at not being able to get the orange for her mother, she went about her work during the afternoon with sad and desponding thoughts and feelings.

It was summer time, and her father came home from his work before it was dark.

"Go and get me a pint of brandy," he said to Jane, in a tone that sounded harsh and angry to the child, handing her at the same time a quarter of a dollar. Since the day before he had taken a pint of brandy, and none but the best would suit him.

She took the money and the bottle, and went over to the shop. Wisely she looked at the tempting oranges in the window, as she gave the money for the liquor, and thought how glad her poor mother would be to have one.

As she was hurrying back, she saw a thick rusty iron ring in the street, she picked it up, and kept on her way. It felt heavy, and her heart bounded with the thought that now she could buy the orange for her mother. The piece of old iron was dropped in the yard as she passed through. After her father had taken a dram, he sat down to his supper. While he was eating it, Jane went into the cellar, and brought out into the yard, all her little treasure of scrap iron.—As she passed backwards and forward before the door facing the door at which her father sat, he observed her, and felt a sudden curiosity to know what she was doing. He went softly to the window, and as he did so, he saw her gathering the iron, which she had placed in a little pile, into her apron. Then she rose up quickly, and passed out of the yard gate into the street.

Her father went back to his supper, but his appetite was gone. There was something in the act of his child, simple as it was, that moved his feelings in spite of himself. All at once he thought of the orange she had asked for her mother; and he felt a conviction that it was to buy an orange, that Jane was now going to sell the iron she had evidently been collecting since dinner time.

"How selfish and wicked I am!" he said to himself, almost involuntarily.

In a few minutes Jane returned, and with her hand under her apron, passed through the room where he sat, into her mother's chamber. An impulse, almost irresistible, caused him to follow her a few moments after.

"It is so grateful!" he heard his wife say as he opened the door.

On entering the chamber, he found her sitting up in bed eating the orange, while little Jane stood by her, looking into her face with an air of subdued, yet heartfelt gratification. All this he saw at a glance, yet did not see; for he pretended to be in search for something, which apparently obtained, he left the room and the house, with feelings of acute pain and self-upbraidings.

"Come, let us go and see these cold water men," said a companion whom he met a few steps from his own door. "They are carrying all the world before them."

"Very well, come along."

And the two men bent their steps toward Temperance Hall.

When little Jane's father turned from the door of that place

For the Herald and Journal.

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

READ THIS.

Br. Stevens.—With others, I had anticipated that the patronage to the Missionary Advocate this year would be such as to warrant its continued publication in an enlarged form. The contrary of this, the melancholy news that it has but fewer thousand subscribers, grieves me. While thinking on what could be done, my mind was last Saturday relieved by resolutions passed, unanimously, in the Hingham, Weymouth, and Quincy Quarterly Conference, being Secretary of that meeting. I was requested by the Presiding Elder to send you a copy for publication. I would previously state that these stations are small, feeble societies, struggling for life; unable fully to sustain the gospel in their own borders. They have previously subscribed for twenty-four copies. I fully believe the pledge is less than the subscription will be.

COPY OF RESOLUTIONS.

Believing that a cheap publication for missionary intelligence is a necessary part of the missionary effort of our church; that the Missionary Advocate is just the thing needed; and that the lamentable small encouragement that publication has received, demands of us an increased effort to place it on a firm basis; therefore,

Resolved, That this Quarterly Conference will and does assume the responsibility of subscribing for eighty copies of the Missionary Advocate this year.

Resolved, also, That our Presiding Elder, if he approve the plan, be and is requested to read these resolutions and propose similar efforts to the other Quarterly Conferences on his district.

Of course, Br. Othman cheerfully accepted the task. I need not say anything to the brethren on Sandwich District; the plan has to them a good advocate. But may I speak to others in the Providence Conference? Brethren, will you take the hint? Will you emulate us? Shall we have a holy strife which district shall do the most? The tide begins to flow in an eastern limit of our Conference, small, afflicted, and little known; shall its early course be checked by indifference? frozen by cold neglect? Or shall it roll on and swell to a high stream, overflow our limits, cheering its Editor with the news, "the Advocate is safe! It will be enlarged." Brethren of other Conferences, will you take this plan? or some other plan? Any plan, only let there be a plan, and act upon it. Our measures are taken; energetically act upon them, and this beautiful little sheet shall benefit more hearts, expand still wider the fountains of holy philanthropy thought. It is information we want. Our people must know, must have the heathen brought nearer to them, to do all that should be done. I believe I have a missionary heart; name the cause, my feelings are awake, my soul vibrates. Consistent Christianity and the development of missionary energy are, to my mind, ever united. And why? Because I was instructed. In boyhood, the heathen, their wants, their wretchedness, their claims, were known, were brought home to me. I claim nothing for this; but I thank God for the knowledge that has enlarged my heart, given the heathen a lodgment there. And I am assured that information will effect the same for others.

I have headed this article as you find it, because though this subject has been repeatedly and especially alluded to in our papers, yet I have conversed with members of our church, and even preachers, who take the papers, and yet have had the unhappiness of imparting to them the first knowledge of the Missionary Advocate. Will all who read this, act? Will they urge others to do so? Brethren, this is not the only cause that requires our efforts; but it is one. Let it have its share of our labor and support, as we love our God, the heathen, and ourselves.

Quincy, July 13, 1846.

For the Herald and Journal.

CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.

Mr. Editor.—The sentiment of the above caption was forcibly impressed upon my mind, when reading your excellent paper, which contained some hints to those who were about to write their post office address. The writer states that he has been a traveling preacher for more than twenty years, and has never suffered any inconvenience by omitting any practice, and therefore justifies himself in inflicting a wound upon the feeling of good brethren in the Gospel ministry, whose lot it is to labor in humble life, and whose situation justifies them in the practice which he condemns. While he charges them with vanity and bombast in trying to render themselves conspicuous to public notice, I ask the public, in which the writer endeavors to consider me and my accused brethren contemptuous, if there is any consistency in the course of this writer. It is my good fortune to labor on a humble circuit this year, embracing six towns. Letters have been sent to three of them, and a number of papers have never received. Furthermore, I was requested to send my address if there should be a failure. I think the proof uncalculated for, and I doubt not that my fellow sufferers have the same opinion, especially in such a good religious paper.

Br. Stevens.—Will you do me the kindness to insert the above in your paper, in answer to one who has the inconsistency to give those uncalculated hints.

Deering, N. H.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

Methodists in New England, shall this excellent paper be discontinued? or shall it be reduced to half its present size? I cannot believe you will suffer either to take place. But you must act in the matter, and act soon.

The paper is now just what we need. Its size is that of the Sunday School Advocate—published monthly. The matter it contains is very interesting. Twelve copies can be obtained for one dollar.

Is there a Methodist traveling preacher in New England who cannot obtain eight subscribers (seven besides himself) for this excellent paper, at 12 cents each? I cannot believe there is one. Come, brethren, do not let it be said there is a circuit in New England where the Missionary Advocate is not taken.

Send your orders to Lane & Tippet, 200 Mulberry Street, New York. Enclose your dollar, and you will receive eight copies of the Missionary Advocate.

A. W. R.

For the Herald and Journal.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.

It has been determined by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church to establish a mission in China. The last Missionary Advocate says, "The missionaries will be appointed as soon as suitable men can be obtained, and at the earliest opportunity thereafter, they will embark for their field of labor." This is truly interesting.

Now, brethren and sisters in New England, shall we not awake anew to the missionary work? China must be redeemed; its three hundred and sixty millions must have the word of life. Can we there

"The lamp of life dies."

It cannot be. Send up your prayers that God would bless the missionary work. And can you not, on an average, give at least fifty cents each for this noble work? I doubt not you can; I trust you will. You will not regret it at the judgment.

A FRIEND TO MISSIONS.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

Does a travelling preacher when he locates and takes his certificate of location, necessarily become a member of the M. E. Church in the place where he resides at the time of location, or must he in order to be recognized in that, or any other place, as a member of the church, signify his wish to that effect?

INQUIRE.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER.—Having had an opportunity of listening to an address on the subject of temperance, from Mr. Joseph Norton, of Bangor, a reformed rum seller and rum drinker, I take pleasure in recommending him to all friends of the cause of temperance, as being, in my opinion, well calculated by his pathetic appeals and relation of facts, and the spirit he manifests, to do good, as almost any other man. I hope the friends of the cause will, every where he goes, receive him cordially, and help him forward in his heaven born enterprise.

Wayne, May 9.

C. FELDER.

HERALD AND JOURNAL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1846.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Late Pope—Ceremonies on his Death—Bishop of Jerusalem—Items.

Our readers have been informed of the death of the Pope of Rome. We glean the following account of him from foreign papers.

Mauro Capellari, born at Belluno, in the Venetian States, on the 18th of September, 1765, entered at an early age the Camaldoli, a branch of the Benedictines. He distinguished himself in his studies; and, in course of time, became professor of Theology in his order. He appears first to have attracted the attention of a wider public, by the didactic talent he displayed in 1799, in a controversy with Tamburini and his scholars. Father Capellari was one of the first members of the Academy of Catholic religion, instituted by Pius VII. From 1801 to 1804 he resided at Rome, was constant in his attendance at its meetings, and contributed an annual dissertation, tending to promote the object of the institution. When Pius VII. was carried off from Rome, Father Capellari returned to the Venetian territory, and joined several of his religious brethren in their journey at Murano, near Venice. For some years, he taught in the college established there by Cardinal (at that time simply) Zuzia. In 1811, the library of the Camaldoli (already much diminished by revolutionary plunder) was taken from them, and sold by auction; in 1814, Father Capellari, with the other members of the college, removed to Padua. He was recalled to Rome soon after the restoration of Pius VII., and appointed successively Procurator and Vicar General of the Camaldoli, and Abbot of St. Gregory's, on Monte Celio. He was soon after nominated counsellor of several of the Sacred Congregations, among others of the Supreme Tribunal and the Propaganda. Leo XII. elevated Father Capellari to the purple, and in his allocation to the consistory, intimated that the new Cardinal owed his promotion to "the innocence of his life, and the gravity of his manner; the extent of his knowledge, and his experience in ecclesiastical matters." Cardinal Capellari was soon after nominated Prefect of the Propaganda, and continued to discharge the duties of that office with activity, till he was elected Sovereign Pontiff, in 1831.

According to private letters from Rome, of the 30th ultimo, it seems that a surgical operation having been performed on one of the legs of "his Holiness," violent inflammation ensued on the evening of the 26th. When the letters left Rome, the evil had increased to such an extent, that no hopes were entertained of saving the life of the sufferer. Gregory XVI. was subject to a chronic disease in his legs, owing to his passing the greater part of the day at his desk. According to the existing regulations, a conclave of cardinals was held ten days after the Pope's decease, to elect his successor.

As soon as the reigning Pope has ceased to breathe, the Cardinal Camerlingua, followed by the clerks of the apostolic chamber, is introduced, and approaches the bed of the defunct Pontiff. He takes cognizance of his mortal remains, and receives from the hands of the Maestro della Camera the fisherman's ring—Three days afterward this ring and the seal for bulls, called the *lead seal*, are broken by the First Master of the ceremonies, in presence of all the Cardinals. The Cardinal Camerlingua then holds a congregation with the clerks as before, and at this meeting he appoints to all offices of the chamber.

Twenty-four hours after the death of the Pope, his body is embalmed. In the evening of the third day it is carried into the church of Saint Peter, with the same pomp that surrounded the Sovereign Pontiff in solemn ceremonies, but with a detachment of artillery forming a part of the cortege. The body, thus embalmed, remains for three days exposed in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the head turned towards the altar, and the feet touching the grille, or iron grate, which closes the chapel. The people approach, and offer the last homage of respect and sorrow before the mortal remains of the Pope, kissing his feet through the bars of the grating.

A lofty and rich catafalque is during this time elevated in the middle of the principal nave of the Basilica of the Vatican. The portrait of the deceased Pope, and the most memorable events of his reign painted in distemper, adorn the different sides of the mausoleum.

The obsequies commence on the evening of the third day, by the ceremony of coffining, which is done with the assistance of the Cardinal Camerlingua, the cardinals appointed for that purpose by the deceased Pope, and the clerks of the chamber. The body, inclosed in a triple coffin, is then deposited near the choir of the chapel, and remains there until the time of sepulchre.

The funeral ceremonies continue nine days; the Prelates, the Magistrates of Rome, the officers of the Pontifical Palace; all those who constantly attend the Papal chapel are present. Before the funeral mass, the Sacred College meets in the Sacristy of St. Peter's, to distribute the public employments and offices, as well for the government of Rome and the affairs of State, as for the Conclave. In every assembly, all the measures circumstances, and the maintenance of the public peace, require.

On the tenth day after the Pope's death, the Dean of the Sacred College sings the "Solemn Mass of the Holy Spirit," in the same chapel of the choir, wherein the funeral mass was celebrated. After the Gospel, a preacher, previously appointed by the Pontifical brief, ascends the pulpit, and addresses a grave and solemn eulogy to the cardinals, to exhort them to give promptly a holy and zealous pastor to the church of Jesus Christ. At the end of the mass, the cardinals meet again in the Sacristy, in order to take the last steps. From that meeting, they pass in procession to the place of the Conclave. They shut themselves up in the chapel of the palace, with no assistance but the Masters of ceremonies, and the secretary of the Sacred College. The apostolical constitutions, and the laws of the Conclave for the election of the Pope are read, and all the cardinals swear obedience to them.

Le Publiciste Suisse contains the following notice respecting the new Bishop of Jerusalem:

"Samuel Gobat spent his early years with his parents at Cremin—a simple peasant, a happy rustic, kind hearted, a good son, religious, and well instructed in the Holy Scriptures. At the age of 19, an ardent desire to devote himself to the missionary life, took possession of his mind. He left his family, to which he was tenderly attached, and entered the missionary institution at Bale, which had just been founded. After a few years of study, he went to the missionary establishment at Paris, then under the direction of Mr. Gallaud. In 1829, the Episcopal Society of London sent him to Egypt; he learned the Amharic, a language of Abyssinia, to which country he afterwards proceeded, amidst numberless difficulties, taking with him the four Gospels and some other books of the New Testament, which he had translated. He settled at Gondar, conversing, exhorting, and teaching with success; but in 1833, a violent attack of sickness obliged him to return to Europe. He has essayed twice since to return to Abyssinia, but could not accomplish it on account of his health. In 1835 he published at Paris an excellent journal,

wherein he relates his missionary endeavours, and gives the religious history of Abyssinia, where the Jesuits take such a leading part. After his departure, these men who had caused themselves to be expelled, managed again to re-establish themselves, and at the present moment the whole country is under their sway.

Since 1835, Gobat has travelled in Europe for the purpose of recommending the missionary work. He has resided several years at Malta, as director of an institution for training young Arabs and other Orientals to the vocation of evangelists. Now, England and Prussia have chosen him to succeed the late Bishop Alexander."

The foregoing is a brief sketch of the life and labors of Samuel Gobat, to whose talents and merits two powerful kingdoms have just given so striking a testimony. And thou, Jura, wilt thou award him a portion of thy admiration and esteem?

The following is what a person of respectability, writing to one of his friends, said of Mr. Gobat:—"I have known him since 1835. I have seen him several times. I have heard him speak on many occasions; and all his words, the tones of his voice, and his personal appearance, excited in me indescribable feeling—tender, profound, and pure emotions, never failed to take possession of me. I find in Gobat the apostolical character, full of simplicity, sweetness and dignity; he has a warm heart, an honesty of purpose, and is full of truth and faith; his judgment is sound and discriminating, and he is quite inaccessible to the exaggerations of a more ardent nature."

The British and Foreign Bible Society, as appears from their last annual report, have distributed by its agents in Holland, the past year, 76,515 copies, and in Germany, one agent alone, Dr. Pinchert, has distributed 68,410 copies, and the other agents report similar success. Dr. Pinchert has held communication with the leaders of the German Catholic reform, urging the importance of free distribution, and in consequence of the encouragement received from them, he entrusted them with four thousand copies. In Switzerland, several thousand copies have been sold with almost incredible rapidity, chiefly to the lower classes. At Stockholm, the Society has issued 28,054 copies. In Ireland, 30,000 had been granted to the Hibernian Society, and 69,000 to the Sunday School Society; besides grants to several Irish Societies.

The entire issues of the British and Foreign Societies for the past year, amount to 1,144,681; nearly half a million more than in any previous year, making the total issues from the commencement, 18,324,487 copies.

In France, says the report, great success has attended the efforts to spread the Word of God. In British India a new auxiliary had been formed, called the Northern India Bible Society, comprising those provinces which were the scene of the late military operations in India.

The Moderator of the general assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, in opening the last meeting of the assembly, said:—"The principles of our Free Church are germinating in England, in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, and in France more especially. One great Free Presbyterian Church appears rising in the distance, to comprise the French speaking population of Europe."

By the last arrival from Turkey, the gratifying intelligence has been received, that the Patriarch had been induced through the interference of the Prussian and English ambassadors, to change his policy towards dissenters, and to allow freedom of religious opinion and worship to all under his dominion.

The London Record announces the recent bequest of \$108,000 to six benevolent societies in England, by John Scott, Esq., deceased.—Atlas.

ROMISH CATHEDRAL.

Preparations are now in progress, and proposals for contracts will shortly be issued, for building a large and splendid Romish cathedral on the lot fronting Logan Square, in Schuylkill Fifth street, Philadelphia. The lot has already been purchased and paid for, at a cost of about \$34,000 dollars. The cathedral is to be a one hundred and twenty feet broad on Schuylkill Fifth street, and two hundred feet in depth. The roof is to be seventy-five feet above the ground floor, and will be supported on columns dividing it into three parts, and marking off the body of the cathedral into three great aisles, in the style of many of the cathedrals of Europe. The building will be an immense one, and as it is to be put up in the most substantial manner, it will require years for its erection; and as it is to be finished in the highest style of art, it is predicted that most of the present generation will pass away before its completion. Some idea of its internal grandeur and size may be formed from the fact that it is to contain no less than ten altars. Subscriptions to a large amount have been made towards the building, and the whole amount necessary to its erection will be obtained in a few weeks, if not days. The list is headed by eight gentlemen, who subscribe one thousand dollars each.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

The Slave Question.—In consequence of the action of the late General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, on the slave question, a number of the members of the Cincinnati, Batavia, and Buford circuits, held a convention on the 20th ult., at which resolutions were unanimously adopted, disapproving the action of the Conference on said question, recommending to the quarterly Conference of the several circuits and stations of the Ohio annual Conference to take into consideration the propriety of withdrawing fellowship from the slave-holding portion of the church, and of instructing the delegates to the next annual Conference accordingly. They also resolved that in case the Ohio Conference refused to withdraw, they would withdraw themselves.

GERMAN MISSIONS.

In the last annual Report of their Missions, in the Baptist Missionary Magazine, the Rev. Mr. Ocken gives very encouraging statements of the success and prospects of their operations in Germany. He says: "We hope soon to be able to spread the glad tidings of salvation in Hungary and Moldavia, through the instrumentality of six brethren, formerly Roman Catholics, natives of Hungary and Austria. These men enjoy the confidence of the church, and will be accompanied by another, who offers his services."

PROFANATION.—"No nation," says Dr. Cheever, in a recent address at New York, "can carelessly permit the habits of neglect and profanation of its sacredness to creep upon her cities, and not be deeply injured. Those Sabbath nuisances, that from time to time spring up through the profligacy of individuals, ought to be destroyed as soon as attempted. I have witnessed much profanation of the Sabbath, and in many forms, in countries where such a profanation was esteemed a virtue, and also where, though allowed, it was esteemed a sin; but, all things considered, I have never seen a more disgraceful form of profanation, than here in this city, under the very eye of the authorities, prevails in the daily Sabbath sale of polluted and polluting public journals."

"QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE."

Mr. Editor.—"A young itinerant is anxious to know whether the minister has the power to grant a dismission from the church, to a person in good standing," who asks such dismission. You have cited the rule of Discipline regulating the preacher's duty to those who "remove from one circuit to another," as "all the law we know on the subject." Now it appears to me that this rule does not meet the difficulty, nor has it any bearing on the subject.

The fact is, Mr. Wesley was a man of too much sagacity to frame a constitution for the church, which should contain the seeds of its own destruction, by making provision for the dismission of her members; and he very wisely left out such provision.

But is there no way in which members "in good standing" can remove themselves from the pale of the church? Yes. Doubtless, "any person has a right (a civil right) to change his religious opinions, and of consequence his ecclesiastical relations." But can the preacher dismission him? Can the church dismission him? I know not. Yet I have an opinion, which, with your consent, I will give. I can see but three ways in which a person can get out of the M. E. Church, viz: 1. By death. 2. By expulsion, and 3. By withdrawal.

1. That death has the right to take any of the members of the church militant when he pleases, it is presumed none will deny.

2. That the church has the right to expel immoral or disorderly persons from her communion, is made perfectly apparent from the second chapter and seventh section of her Discipline. Now if these two positions be correct, (and I think they will not be disputed) it only remains to establish the third, and the difficulty is removed, the mist has evaporated, and the old ship is under sail again.

3. I remark, in the third place, that members have the right of withdrawal. This right is founded on the fact that "any person has the right (the civil right) to change his religious opinions, and of consequence his ecclesiastical relations." But it is manifest that no member against whom there are charges has this right, for this would overthrow all church government.

It is believed that the "custom" of giving "a note of recommendation" to persons leaving our church, and not desiring to join any other, has been attended with serious evils. Instances might be named where individuals so "dismissed" have used their "note of recommendation" to the dishonor of the church. If members wish to leave the church, let them quietly "withdraw." I know of no other law on the subject. If I am wrong, pray give me "a little light," and oblige.

Vermont Conference, July 11.

Our good brother has not cleared away the "mist." The whole difficulty (if indeed there is any at all) remains. Our correspondent inquired who has the power to dismission a member. The brother above replies, there is no dismission, but a "withdrawal."

This is evidently but the same thing with a change of terms, for the question recurs, who has the right to allow, and record, and do all other things attendant on a withdrawal? We hope there are few Methodists who hold to the idea adopted by some Baptist churches, that a member, in changing his communion, has no right to a certificate of his Christian character and standing. Call it what you please, "dismission" or "withdrawal," a certificate should be given, if the individual is worthy of it, and the preacher should give it, as best capable of judging in the case, and saving unnecessary trouble. We say again, however, that we deem it a question of little or no importance.

TRAVEL.

MR. WHITNEY, who first proposed the Railroad to Oregon, gives in the Union the following rates of travel, if that great project should be completed.

At the rate of 15 miles per hour, (as is proposed for the steamers to be built for our navy,) it requires 8½ days from England to New York, or other ports, but say

From New York to the Pacific, 3,000 miles by railroad, at 30 miles per hour, allowing one day for detentions,

On Great Western road from London to Bristol, passengers travel daily at 50 miles per hour with perfect safety.

From Oregon to Changhai, in China, at the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, which crosses the great canal, and where all the commerce of the vast empire centres, is 5,400 miles, 15 miles per hour, (which can be performed as easily on the Pacific as 12 on the Atlantic,) allowing one day for coaling,

From England, via N. York, to Changhai, 31 days.

From New York to Changhai, 21 days.

But by sea voyage, as at present, either from England or New York, 110 to 160 days, requiring, for a voyage out and home, 10 to 12 months; distance estimated at more than 18,000 miles.

From England, via N. Y., to Australia, 31 days.

From New York to Australia, 21 days.

From England via N. Y., to Manila, 34 days.

From New York to Manila, 24 days.

From England via N. Y., to Java, 35 days.

From New York to Java, 25 days.

From England via N. Y., to Singapore, 37 days.

From New York to Singapore, 27 days.

From England via N. Y., to Calcutta, 39 days.

From New York, (1½ days for coaling, &c.), to Calcutta, 29 days.

On the route are, first, the Sandwich and numerous islands convenient for depots, coaling, &c.; and at Australia is an abundance of coal.

CONVERSIONS OF PAIPI.—A London correspondent of the Boston Traveller states, that "in one hundred parishes in France, the Popish churches had been forsaken, and the people were calling for the Bible. In Ireland, over forty Romish priests and 4000 laymen, had come over to the Protestant churches." The influence of these may be estimated to be seven fold greater than the scores or hundreds that have been perverted to Romanism by the Puseyites.

DR. WOLFF A PUSEYITE.—It is stated that Dr. Wolff, the converted Jew, missionary and famous traveller, has become a Puseyite, and that "he has written to his German Catholic countrymen, entreating them not to join in the religious reform of Rome." This will not surprise those who have observed the erratic course of Dr. W. the last fifteen years. He must, we think, be a descendant of the tribe of Reuben, of whom it was written more than three thousand years ago—"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

MISSIONARY CRUISE.—The Samoan Reporter, received recently from the South Sea Islands, contains an interesting narrative of the missionary cruise of the John Williams, among the New Hebrides, Loyalty, and New Caledonia groups. She was under the direction of the Rev. Messrs. Murray and Turner, and was absent from 2d April to 7th June, of the last year. Several Popish missionaries had arrived at the Samoan Islands, and the Protestant missionaries are calling for more laborers.

LITERARY ITEMS.

PATRONS OF MEN OF LETTERS.—It is stated in Fraser's Magazine that, much to the credit of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Melbourne, they have afforded a liberal patronage to the living authors of the day. The following is a list of living authors pensioned by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Melbourne.

| | |
|--|------|
| Mr. Southey, | £200 |
| Mr. Wordsworth, | 300 |
| Mr. Somerville, | 150 |
| James Montgomery, | 150 |
| The widow of Pond, the Astronomer Royal, | 200 |
| Widow of Professor Airey, | 200 |
| Professor Faraday, | 300 |
| Mr. Tylor, the historian, | 200 |
| Mr. Tennyson, the poet, | 200 |
| Lady Shelley, | 200 |
| The widow of Thomas Hood, | 100 |
| Thomas Moore, | 100 |
| Lady Morgan, | 300 |
| John Baile, the novelist, | 150 |
| Sir David Brewster, | 200 |
| Colonel Gurwood, | 200 |
| Widow of Dr. McCrie, | 100 |
| Miss Milford, | 100 |
| Mrs. Somerville, (additional), | 100 |
| Dr. Dalton, (additional), | 150 |

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—The bill for purchasing the manuscripts of Alexander Hamilton, and designed for the relief of the widow of the deceased, passed to a third reading in the Senate of the United States, on Saturday, by a vote of 27 to 13. The bill appropriates \$20,000—one half for the MSS., and one half for the printing of the proposed five volumes.

CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE LIBRARY.—By actual enumeration made lately, this library consists of 51,000 volumes, exclusive of eight or ten thousand pamphlets. The department of American history is supposed to be the largest in the world, being 5000 volumes. The oldest work on American history known to exist is a letter of Columbus, translated from Italian into Latin, and published in 1494.

A MANUSCRIPT BY OLIVER CROMWELL.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer says:—"On a recent visit to New Rochelle, I was informed by an intelligent gentleman that Mr. Pintard, a descendant of one of the Huguenot families, by whom that town was settled, had in his possession two manuscript volumes in the handwriting of Oliver Cromwell, which contained the history of his times. How they came into the possession of the family is not known; but there was no question of their being genuine. And I wish to make this statement in your paper that the attention of the New York Historical Society may be called to so interesting and important a manuscript, and that if it prove to be true, they may take the proper steps to verify it, and to print it under their supervision. There can be no doubt that Mr. Pintard would consent to the world the privilege of being possessed of a work of such surpassing interest."

WILEY & PUTNAM'S London correspondent mentions as forthcoming, "The Life and Correspondence of John Foster, by J. E. Ryland, Esq.," in two octavo volumes; Morel's History of Modern Speculative Philosophy; Ecclesiastical Reminiscences, by Rev. Mr. Weylen, an Episcopal clergyman who resided in the United States eleven years.

DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—This valuable tract has been lately translated and printed in Nestorian, and it is said to prove highly acceptable. The Rev. Josiah Perkins says, "I will not assert that the translation is better than the original; but it is my impression that the genius of the Nestorian language gives even a deeper and fuller effect to the unadorned eloquence and deep pathos, which glowed in the inimitable simplicity and truthfulness of this poor, simple-hearted people, all naturally tend to render the Dairyman's Daughter a tract at once intelligible, attractive, and, I trust, useful to the Nestorians."

ANNIVERSARIES IN PARIS.—The usual religious anniversaries were celebrated by French Protestants in Paris, the last week in April and the first of May. In giving a notice of them, the Archives du Christianisme says:—"We announced, a year ago, that these meetings had been more numerous attended, and more blessed than ever. Thanks be to God, we have to repeat the same words. The various societies which have given accounts of their labors, are all progressing, and the Evangelical Society of France, in particular, has made very remarkable progress."

WESLEYANS IN FRANCE.—The Wesleyans have 130 places of worship in France, 55 local preachers, 123 class leaders, 1,289 church members; they preach the gospel to more than 12,000 hearers.

PREFACE LETTERS.—The Journal of Commerce gives the following as cases in which letters should be prepaid.

A gentleman writing to a lady.

A lady writing to her female friend, to the care of a gentleman, (because the trouble of receiving and delivering is tax enough.)

A merchant writing to another, requesting information.

A friend writing to his friend, requesting some friendly act, such as collecting a small dividend to be remitted, &c., the trouble being sufficient to prove his friendship, without being taxed for so doing.

Always in writing to newspaper editors and proprietors of newspapers.

DWARAKANATH TAGORE.—The Boston Traveller says:—"The distinguished East Indian millionaire, who has been in England for a year or more, engaged in studying the institutions, arts and sciences of the country, may perhaps visit the United States. We saw yesterday a letter from him, addressed to a gentleman of this city, in which this intention was hinted."

THE FRENCH BIBLE.—From the Canadian we learn that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec has ordered the issue of a French edition of the New Testament, "for the promotion of intelligence among the people." It forms "an octavo volume of 750 pages, and contains, beside the text, the commentary of the *Pere de Carries*, with notes, explanatory, moral, and dogmatic."

Learned divines are gravely considering whether prayers and sermons may be said in the same gown; and whether they should turn the back or face to the altar in time of prayer. We think it about as important to know whether the wife of John Rogers had nine or ten children, and trust this momentous question will not be overlooked in their investigations.

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scribers in full, and the name of the Post Office to which the papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.